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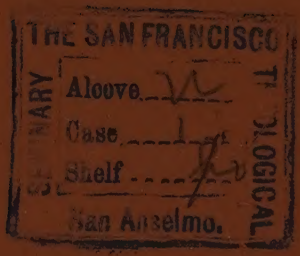
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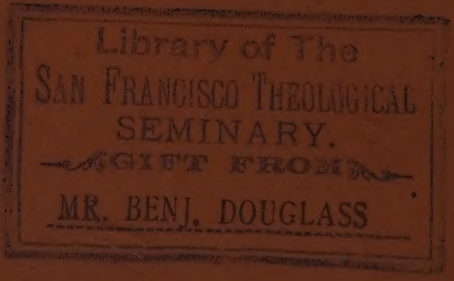
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To the toilers and sufferers, on the way to the "better country," may these words come with something of help and healing.

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COMFORT.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won:

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble,'"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned."

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patch-work combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me,
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew:

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
" Dear child ! She wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

" And, for the true love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a ~~great~~ love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
That will tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

"PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL."

A CHILD all motion, fire, and grace,
From fairy foot to floating curl,
With winsome smile, and sunniest face,
Was "Papa's little girl."

All summer, where the glowing flowers
Their dainty banners wide unfurl,
With laugh and song, through joyous hours,
Went "Papa's little girl."

But when the snow lay deep and cold,
And all the trees were frosted pearl,
Far out toward sunset's land of gold,
Went "Papa's little girl."

Alas! the few bright, fleeting days,
Ere awful darkness wrapped the world,
And Azrael, shadowy angel, came
For "Papa's little girl."

But even when his icy breath
  Touched lip, and cheek and sunny curl,
The sweet, pathetic voice still said,
    "I'm Papa's little girl."

A fearful hush, a cold despair,
  Fell through the world's gay restless whirl;
It seemed the very birds and flowers
    Missed "Papa's little girl."

And though she walk the golden streets,
  And stand within the gates of pearl,
Oh, will not God remember, she
    Was "*Papa's* little girl?'

Aye, when His perfect heavenly peace
  Shall follow all the earthly whirl,
Faith whispers glad, she will again
    Be "Papa's little girl."

LIFE—A PROBLEM.

A LITTLE smiling, mingled oft with tears,
A little hoping, linked with many fears,
A little trusting, chased by doubt and dread,
A little light, unto much darkness wed—
This call we Life—to breathe, to love, to die!
Who shall for us unfold the great, sad mystery?

Heaven's radiance makes rainbows through the tears,
Humility's sweet flower upspringeth from the fears,
The holy shield of Faith tempers in fires of grief,
The seed in weeping sown, returns a golden sheaf—
O glorious Life in Death! no more, no more to die!
One hath dissolved for us the deep, sweet mystery!

"THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY."

O SWEET, prophetic words! still ringing clear,
Through all the centuries from that elder year,
Wherever waiting hearts are hushed to hear!

Thine eyes shall see the King! O wondrous sight!
Thy *weary* eyes, astrain through all the night,
Watching for faintest gleam of longed-for light!

Thy *sad* eyes, memory-touched with "all regret;"
Thy *dim* eyes, aching still with "life's small fret,"
Seeing as through a glass, most darkly yet!

Thy *blind* eyes, seeing even not at all,
Yet opening quickly at the Master's call;
Glad, eager eyes, from which all weights shall
fall.

O wondrous hour of vision! Long ago
Hath rapt Isaiah come thy joy to know;
That heavenly beauty which he strove to show.

Archangels veil their faces, while they sing,
Before the awful splendor of their King,
Afraid to sweep such height with ev'n angelic
wing.

They long to know that mystery of grace,
Whereby the ransomed see Him face to face,
Nor fall, nor *fear* to fall, from that high place.

They know not, even they, that tenderest tie,
By which He brings His chosen ones so nigh—
His cross, His blood, and Calvary's bitter cry.

Oh, saddest, sweetest bond! And can it be
That through *His* sorrow, joy shall come to
me?
That *thus* His glorious beauty I shall see?

Oh, Joy, too deep for aught but happy tears!
Oh, Faith, that climbs a height beyond all fears?
Oh, Hope, that crowns and gladdens all my years!

My heart repeats the promise o'er and o'er,
Though 'tis an "old, old story" heard before,
Yet with each dear repeating loved the more.

O eyes, for which such vision is in store,
Keep ye to all things pure, forevermore,
Till ye shall close beside Death's shadowed door.

Be lighted from within, by unseen Guest,
Send out warm rays of love to all distrest,
And lure them by your shining into rest.

So, in His beauty, shall ye see the King,
And to *His* eyes' sweet answer steadfast cling,
Nor fade, nor droop, o'ershadowed by His wing.

THE HEAVENLY SECRET.

I PONDER oft the wondrous things
On Patmos' isle in vision shown—
The trumpet voice, the seven stars,
The lamps of fire before the throne;
The book which Judah's Lion loosed,
With awful secrets, seal by seal,
The golden vials full of wrath,
The seven thunders' fearful peal:

With here and there a triumph note,—
The song of Moses and the Lamb,
The multitude before the throne,
With blood-washed robe and crown and palm;
And ending all, the City fair,
Spread out like sunlight far and wide,
With "Whosoever will, may come,"
For last sweet words sent down the tide.

But ever, 'mid these mysteries,
  Sublime, prophetic, tender, grand,
One precious promise fills my heart,
  And binds the book with golden band;
"To him that overcometh"—this
  The sweep the benediction takes—
If Sardis, Smyrna, Pergamos,
  Your church, or mine, no difference makes.

One sole condition binds the gift,
  Though struggle sore behind it lie;
A faith, a life that overcomes—
  A warfare unto victory.
And then, reward! A pure white stone,
  And in the stone, a secret name,—
A strange new name, and no two stones
  Shall bear inscription quite the same.

For surely—thus my musing runs—
  Since 'tis no name already known,
It cannot be some name of Christ,
  Both loved and worn by all His own
For thus the sacred record reads,
  "No man may know it, saving he

Who shall receive it,"—his alone
This new and blessed name shall be.

This is the thought that thrills me through,
We have a secret—God and I!
He keeps it now, but unto me
He will reveal it by and by.
And while I wait, my heart still holds
Some fancy beautiful and fair
Of what that glad surprise will be,
When He His thought with me shall share.

Perhaps some precious name by which
He knows me in His heart of love,
Because of special service given,
Or special grace I've learned to prove;
As wrestling Jacob after prayer
Had seal of victory on him set,
In that new name which crowned his seed.
And clings to all God's people yet.

And Mary with her broken box
Of fragrance for the burial-day—
I wonder in what heavenly name,
Christ keeps that memory hid away?

Or that poor lowly child of His,
Who of her want gave all she had—
I wonder what sweet word up there
Translates that deed, to make her glad?

Or it may be the precious stone,
Like rich intaglio, given to each,
Of Christ shall some impression hold,
Expressing more than any speech;
How in some great emergent hour,
When heart and flesh were failing fast
He showed us such or such a face,
Till all the fear was overpast.

Or once in some communion hour
We went with Him up Tabor's steep,
And that transfigured Face, for us
Forevermore the stone will keep.
And thus I muse: I know not what
The secret is—yet still the same,
His thought of me, or mine of Him,
Will sweeter be in that new name!

GOD'S BEST.

I PROMISED to tell all their fortunes,
As they gathered around me in glee—
My half-dozen, fun-loving maidens,
Grouped prettily under the tree.

"Oh, will you, you dearest old Gipsey?"
The children all cried in a breath;
"Do give us all something so splendid:
Long life, and—translation, not death."

"Tell Helen's the last," said dear Lily,
"For the best, you know, never comes first."
"Tell mine, then, at once," rippled Minnie,
"And let us have done with the worst!

"Give Josie a Count or a Baron,
Give Emma a castle in Spain;
And to Lily, so thoughtful for others,
Give gold like a torrent of rain.

"Give May a strange lamp like Aladdin's,
And to Helen—why, give what you will;
For with her, 'tis according to proverb—
'All's grist that comes to her mill.'"

"I don't want a Baron," quoth Josie,
"An artist is more to my mind."
"And a castle in Spain," pouted Emma,
"Is something that no one can find."

"And if *I* had the gold," echoed Lily,
"I might be a miser, you know;"
"While Aladdin's old lamp," chimed the May bell,
"Might land me in far Jericho."

"And always to be at my grinding,
Though the grist were all of the best,
Is something not quite to my fancy,"
Said Helen, "if truth were confessed."

"See now," said gay Minnie, "this wonder—
People never will like what they get;
And they ~~can~~ never get what they like either,
And so they just worry and fret."

A peal of the merriest laughter
At this rang out through the trees,
And echoing down through the wood's green aisle,
Was borne away on the breeze.

I gazed at the glowing young faces,
In a silence half born of my fears,
As I wondered what each would inherit
In the veiled and far-away years.

Then giving the word to my wishes,
That beautiful morning in June
I set all their life's happy poem
To a perfect and rhythmical tune.

Some joy that a mortal might covet
Lay fair in the future of each;
While some magic should give them the wisdom
That experience only can teach.

But my very own darling was Helen,
And while I asked gifts for the rest,
My heart whispered earnestly always,
"Dear Father, give her of Thy best."

No one of earth's glorious prizes,
But that, did she choose to possess,
Lay clear in the range of my vision,
Through all the struggle and stress.

The artist's ideals of beauty,
The poet's possession of song,
The dreams of the sculptor embodied,
Or the joys that to science belong.

Whatever of grace or of glory
Her effort might strive to attain,
I fondly and foolishly fancied
The struggle could not be in vain.

And now as I noted the shadows
That played over each eager face,
I saw that the broad full sunlight
Fell over my darling's place.

Then I smiled in my heart when I saw it,
And turning aside from the rest,
I said, "Thus, dear Lord, would I have it—
So ever give her Thy best."

I knew not what I was asking,
Or I surely, surely had known
That no life has only broad sunlight,
Save life within sight of God's throne.

But the sweet day passed, and the night came,
When He put my love to the test;
And somewhere up there 'mid the lilies,
She lies like a bud on His breast.

"And what," do you ask, "of the others—
Lily, and May, and the rest?"
Ah, well, they all have their treasures,
But none, like my Helen, God's best!

TWO CITIES.

ONE shines from out the sacred page,
Aglow with solemn splendor,
Illumed with every radiant tint
That art divine can render.
Built far upon the dazzling heights
No foot may scale unheeding,
It flames its glory down the years,
Nor sun nor temple needing.

Kings bring their triumph into it,
And nations saved, their glory,
While thousand times ten thousand sing
Its glad and wondrous story.
They sing a joyous marriage-song,
For lo! this city golden
Is like a bride with jewels girt,
With kingly love enfolden.

The King of kings her brow doth crown
With love's most royal crowning;

His gracious welcome to the feast
The seraphs' praises drowning.
O far bright city of my dream!
In all thy marriage splendor,
With passion yearns my longing heart
Thy glowing gates to enter.

How shall I win the welcome sweet?
How gain the wedding whiteness?
O guarded gates, where is the key
Unlocking all your brightness?
"Peace, pleading heart!" an angel saith;
Wait not at yon far portal—
This city is but type of that
Which is to be immortal.

Behold upon the land and sea,
In every tribe and nation,
Glad, busy hands are fashioning
The stones for its foundation.
One buildeth here, another there,
Each bringeth precious treasure;
Some bear the load, some place the stones,
Each working in his measure.

Thus is the City walled about
With wall of clearest jasper,
While precious jewels, set in gold,
Like crowns of light enclasp her.
This is the pure and perfect Bride
The King most fitly seeketh—
A Church all glorious within,
Whose heart her love bespeaketh.

And this the King's most gracious will
All to the feast are bidden
Who toward this glory bear a part,
However small or hidden.
Go, asking heart, take then thy place,
And wait the heavenly morning;
Bring gift of silver or of gold,
This glorious Bride adorning.

Or bring but myrrh or precious spice,
Or fringe upon her border,
Or even one bright glowing thread,
Her raiment to embroider.
So shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's call,
So in His thought be holden,
When He His Church shall wed—the true
"Jerusalem the Golden!"

HIS NAME.

"NAMES name thee not!" How many years have died
Since first Bettina wrote the glowing words
For Gœthe's careless, unresponsive heart."
How long ago they dropped into the soil
Of my own childish, scarcely wakened thought.
The book—"Bettina's Letters"—passed and perished
Out of sight and mind, and left but this
One fairest seed, within its living cell
To grow up pulse by pulse, each graver year,
From good to better use, from height to height.

First, to the dearest friend my happy days
Of school-life knew, I said with fervent voice,
"'Names name thee not,' nor tell of all thou art
To me." Strange name she bore, which suited well
The subtle charm she wove about my heart.

Named Amuletta, like an amulet, indeed,
She hung her love, her very self, about
My love and life. And school-girl-wise, we had
Pet names, which sought the depths and heights for such
Sweet word as gave our love expression meet;
Yet oft, when all was done, I looked into
The eyes of Heaven's own blue, which, years agone,
Were closed on earth, and said, "Names name thee not."

But tides of time ebbed on and flowed again,
And school-days passed, and Amuletta went
Away to Heaven, and came a day when once
Again, I looked with stronger, higher love,
In eyes whose sweetest light shone but for me,
And said—with dearest names thrown in between—
"'Names name thee not,' nor tell of all thou art
To me." And this seemed love's last, perfect word.

So rose and fell the year's swift stream again,
And as it ran, the perfect words revealed
Perpetually, a new and higher thought;
Each year they grew in sacredness and depth,
As love, in highest and divinest mould,
Took firmer, deeper place within my soul,
Until at last, I said them soft and low,
In reverent hush, in "silent chapel of
My heart"—I said them under breath, and in
My prayers, to *One* alone, and evermore
I keep them close and pure and holy unto
Him.
Names name Him not to me. No name can
reach
The height and depth, the length and breadth,
of that
Most wondrous Love, unspeakable, that lives
In Him, the Father's perfect *Word* to man.

Yet hath He many names, most tender and
Most sweet, His fingers dropped, like flowers
down
The path of Holy Writ, with fragrant breath
Pervading all the Church's heart and life.

Soft comfort-names, that come and go, through
clouds
Of weariness and gloom—the Shepherd of
His sheep, our Burden-bearer, and our Rest.

Low sorrow-names, that softly wander in
And out through griefs too deep to speak—the
Man
Of Sorrows, One with grief acquainted well,
Our Presence-Angel, Refuge, Saviour, Strength.

Grand glory-names, that roll like loftiest strain
Of song, through loftiest mood—Jehovah, King
Of kings, Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Eternal One who sits in majesty
Upon earth's circle, while the nations count
But as the small dust in the balances.

And tender household-names, that link the life
Of every day's most common need, to life
Beside the Throne—our Father pitiful,
Our elder Brother, and the Friend most near.

And sweetest names of love, that fill the soul
In hours of holiest fellowship with Him—

Beloved, altogether Lovely, Chief
Among ten thousand, Sharon's wondrous Rose,
And that best, crowning name—our *Jesus*—name
That like a perfect chord, holds every name
And tone of love, complete within itself.

Ah, yes—most precious names—I count
Them o'er and o'er, as miser doth his hoard
Of costliest gems, and yet, when all is done,
I turn again to dead Bettina's deep
And soulful words, and say in tenderest hush,
On bended knee, "Names name thee not!"

ASLEEP.

WITH curls in golden clusters,
And soft, half-opened eyes,
The baby lay as one entranced
By some divine surprise,

While fragrant breathed about her,
Sweet, white, half-opened buds—
The hands rose-clasped, the little robe
Bound with the snowy studs.

"O blessed sleep of childhood,
So far from eyes of mine,"
One said. "Would God such slumber
Might crown my head as thine!"

But lo! as we drew nearer,
Deep wonder caught the breath—
The couch was a burial-casket,
And the sleep was the sleep of death!

And still one said, "Blest childhood!
Thrice-hallowed, happy sleep!
O wondrous consummation,
For which I wait and weep!"

There fell a voice in answer:
"The baby sleeps, indeed;
"Yet wrought its baby-mission,
Fulfilling all its need.

"So thou, dear heart, be patient,
Give Christ thy griefs to keep,
And learn that *so*, He giveth
To His beloved, sleep!"

IN VISION.

ANNUNCIATION.

AN angel stood at night within the door,
Light from the inner glory on his face:
A message from the King," he said, "for thou
Art called and chosen, with the hosts to march,
That follow him to victory or to death.
Behold the shield of promise He hath sent:
They shall have great reward who follow me;
Right royally shall they be robed and crowned,
Nor shall they be without a wondrous sign
Whereby shall all men know that they are
mine.'
Thus art thou chosen with His hosts to march.
Arise and follow where His banner leads."

RENUNCIATION.

Then straight responsive to the heavenly call,
My soul made answer in its fervent joy:
"I lay all down before this glorious King—
All life's dear sanctities and sweetest hopes,

All mind, all holy places of the heart;
And in that heart, whatever other name
Hath reigned supreme, I tear the leaf out here,
And leave the page unsoiled and blank for Him.
I keep not back one thing, nor hold one power
Mine own. Henceforth I march by day and night,
Close in the footsteps of this conquering King,
Nor turn aside for any joy, save that
He giveth me."

FULFILLMENT.

The King's great army marcheth ever on.
For me—my strength is well-nigh spent; though through
Long days and nights of heat and cold I went,
Though close I held that glorious promise-shield,
And wondered why fulfillment never came.
And now, I lie alone—the troops pass by,
The King himself hath deigned no look, no word;
What have I now, of all He promised me?
The royal robe is garment rough, of pain,

The wondrous sign is but a blood-stained cross,
The crown He gave, was but a crown of thorns,
And thus I die alone, without my King.
My King! Ah, there is where the cruel pain
Hurts most, for Him I love beyond compare,
And for one smile from that majestic face,
I'd count all loss but gain, and march once more
Through all these days and nights of heat and cold
Content to die at last of but one kiss
From that most perfect mouth upon my lips.

. . . . . .

Ah, what is this? Those tender lips touch mine!
My heart, of rapture dies, beneath that smile!
Content, content, my whole reward is won!

AT LAST.

"At last," you say? Ah, no, not last—'tis first,
'Tis but beginning—this glad triumphant life
On the celestial hills! what time my soul
Went up from earth, with that divinest kiss
Close folded on my lips, that wondrous smile

Far-reaching to my inmost heart of love,
The angel stood again with message sweet—
"The King hath said thy name before the
throne,
Now is the promise near and sure reward,
Now take thy robe, thy crown, thy holy sign."
At last? Ah, no; but first and evermore
I wear this fair white linen of the saints,
His name upon my forehead for a sign,
My crown a royal diadem of stars!
Yet here as there, I give my all to Him,
My King, and in renunciation glad,
I cast my crown, my soul, at His dear feet!

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

ALL through the day, the heavy tumult stirred,
And noises loud and angry round me rolled;
A lingering thunder, muttering wrath and pain,
Seemed all the happy heights in night to fold.

Strive as I might, the hills of faith and hope
Grew darker, higher, harder still to climb;
Eternity's far outlook and unfathomed deeps,
Seemed bounded by the littleness of Time.

Then close around me, Doubt, his blackness drew,
While strong Apollyon threw his fiery darts—
Alas, where was my armor, strong and true,
That he could reach my very heart of hearts!

With poison tongue was every arrow tipped—
"He saith"—"He saith"—"but oh, He *doeth* not,"
"He will not give good gifts, as He hath said"—
"His promised mercy He hath clean forgot."

"No mother would say 'nay' to any child
Who lifted up such longing, pleading cry,
And yet—He is *more* ready, doth He say?
Ah, no—no mother would, like Him, deny."

Thus rained the fiery storm upon my soul,
Each dart a blinding lance through Doubt's black night,
Till stricken, bruised, and wounded nigh to death,
I yielded in despair th' unequal fight.

Then in Despair's yet blacker night than Doubt's,
Left there for dead by Doubt and Hell's ally,

He whom I had reviled came unto me,
With loving touch His healing to apply.

But there Despair and Shame 'twixt Him and me,
Joined hands to keep from me that sweetest balm,
Yet o'er their height looked down His tender eyes,
And held me with their deep, divinest calm.

So once those eyes had turned in priestly hall,
Past all the mocking throng to one alone;
So broke *my* heart with love's sweet sad reproach,
So folded He again His strayed—His own!

"FAULTLESS."

Jude, ver. 24.

"FAULTLESS in His glory's presence!
All the soul within me stirred,
All my heart reached up to heaven
At the wonder of that word.

"Able to present *me* faultless?
Lord, forgive my doubt," I cried;
"Thou didst once, to loving doubt, show
Hands and feet and riven side.

"Oh, for me, build up some ladder,
Bright with golden round on round,
That my hope this word may compass,
Reaching Faith's high vantage-ground!

Praying thus, behold, my ladder,
Reaching unto perfect day,
Grew from out a simple story
Dropped by some one in the way.

Once a queen—so ran the story—
Seeking far for something new,
Found it in a mill, where, strangely,
Naught but rags repaid her view.

Rags from out the very gutters,
Rags of every shape and hue,
While the squalid children, picking,
Seemed but rags from hair to shoe.

"What then," rang her eager question,
"Can you do with things so vile?"
"Mould them into perfect whiteness,"
Said the master with a smile.

Whiteness?" quoth the queen, half-doubting;
"But these reddest, crimson dyes—
Surely naught can ever whiten
These to fitness in your eyes?"

Yes," he said, "though these are colors
Hardest to remove of all,
Still I have the power to make them
Like the snowflake in its fall."

Through my heart the words so simple
Throbbed with echo in and out;
"Crimson"—"scarlet"—"white as snow-
flake"—
Can this man? and can *God not?*

Now upon a day thereafter,
(Thus the tale went on at will,)
To the queen there came a present
From the master at the mill.

Fold on fold of fairest texture,
Lay the paper, purest white;
On each sheet there gleamed the letters
Of her name in golden light.

"Precious lesson," wrote the master,
"Hath my mill thus given me,
Showing how our Christ can gather
Vilest hearts from land or sea;

"In some heavenly alembic,
Snowy white from crimson bring,
Stamp his name on each, and bear them
To the palace of the King."

. . . . . .

Oh, what wondrous vision wrapped me!
Heaven's gates seemed open wide,
Even *I* stood clear and faultless,
Close beneath the piercéd side.

Faultless in His glory's presence!
Faultless in that dazzling light!
Christ's own love, majestic, tender,
Made *my* crimson snowy white!

IN THE NIGHT.

I.

LOW in the darkness, bleeding and crushed,
I lie in Thy sovereign hand;
Almost my very heart's beating is hushed,
Waiting Thy dreadful command.

Shall it be life? Oh, *can* it be death?
Trembling in anguish, I pray,
Take, O my God, whatsoever Thou wilt,
But take not this one life away.

Now, as of old, let the shadow go back
On its beautiful dial to-night;
Shut Thou the portals, that swinging so wide,
Would sweep it away from my sight.

Surely, dear Lord, it is nothing to Thee—
This one human life Thou canst spare;
And it is so much, *so much* unto me—
O give me my passionate prayer!

Slowly—ah, Heaven! the gates seem to move
Now hither, now thither they sway;
Watching, and fearing, and weeping, I lie,
Too sick with my anguish to pray.

Father, my Father, forgive my wild cry—
I know not what I have said!
The portals stand wide, in the terrible night,
And I am alone with my dead!

II.

Ah, wonderful! wonderful! Here in the night
One giveth me songs for my tears—
One saith, "*I* am here in the valley with thee;
I carry thy griefs and thy fears."

Ah, wonderful! wonderful! Here on His breast,
Like John, the beloved, I lie—
My passionate prayer sinks sobbing, to rest—
'Tis Jesus, to live or to die.

Thy sweet human life is over—'tis well—
It was Jesus for thee and for me!
I linger below, and still it is well,
It is Jesus for me and for thee!

A MEMORY.

"THE same old house," you call it;
And it's fifteen years, you say,
Since you stepped across its threshold—
So long you have been away.

But those years are such a gulf, dear;
And a house, like a face, may change;
If you look at this intently,
It will seem half-new and strange.

The oriel-window is darkened,
The sunny side-porch is still,
And you miss the old-time laughter
That once rung over the hill.

Ah, now you ask for the voices,
Recalling them name by name;
"Where then," you say, "is Great-Heart Phil?
And is scapegrace Ned the same?

"And fair, sweet, serious Helen,
Queen Alice, and loving May?
Why, baby Maud is a woman grown,
I suppose, since I went away?"

Ah, me, I will tell you the story;
It seems so long ago
That all this bright tide vanished
Out of life's ebb and flow.

And the house has stood in its silence
So long, apart from the strife,
Like a dim, sweet sanctuary,
Full of an unseen life.

. . . . . .

It was only the year that you left us,
Queen Alice forsook her throne;
Though she reigned in so many loving hearts,
She must go at last alone.

Then Great-Heart Phil—did you never hear
Of the cruel watery strife?
He saved his friend, but the icy waves
Closed over his own brave life.

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SAN ANSELMO

Then sweet-eyed, thoughtful Helen,
Who had leaned on the manly strength,
Though she tried to live for the others,
Drooped and yielded at length.

So half the voices had vanished,
And dear, wild, thoughtless Ned
Grew silent, and played, in a tender way,
With Maud's little golden head.

But the bright little head grew weary,
The sweet voice pleaded for rest,
And the Shepherd, hearing His lamb's low cry,
Close folded her to His breast.

Then Ned grew bitter "*at Fate*," he said,
And was reckless and wild again,
Though the sweet, old generous impulses lived
Under all the terrible strain.

And at last the glorious morning
Rose radiant out of the night,
And the willful, loving, penitent child
Passed up into God's own light.

"So sad a tale," you say; you are "sure
That dear little May still lives."
Alas, but no! she sleeps the sleep
That God to His loved ones gives.

'And what," you ask, "of the mother,
So smitten with blow on blow?"
But I told you the house was a temple,
And the temple all aglow.

For a house, through such solemn chrism,
Grows either a temple or grave;
And through anguish this mother whispered
"He perfects the gifts that He gave;

"And shall I be hard and rebellious
While they in the God-light shine?
O, Father, *my* Father, I thank Thee
That they are both mine and Thine.

"And what now to Thee shall I render,
For these treasures *laid-up*," she cried;
"Tenfold I will strive to bring with me
When I come at the eventide.

"Ten priceless souls I will bring Thee
For my first-born's harvest home;
And—ten? *twice* ten, for the precious child
Who never again can roam.

"And five and three I will bring thee,
And two and one, I will say,
For my darlings, Helen and Alice,
For baby Maud and my May.

"No hour for grief and repining,
But each grateful hour for Thee.
To repay Thee? Ah, *never*, my Father,
It is only Love's prompting in me."

And so it is that at day-dawn,
The loving service begins,
And she sees her Philip, her Helen,
In each dear soul that she wins.

And if, perchance, in the noontide,
Some prodigal prays at last,
'Tis her wayward Ned that she kisses,
As she did in the happy past.

And then in the shadowy twilight
She returns in rapture, to feel
That the temple is palpitant, glowing,
As her darlings the silence unseal.

What wonder her face has caught something
Of the gladness and glory to come,
And "grows only more rapt and joyful"
With each step nearer her home?

Yes, I know it seems strange to be grateful
For sorrow, and loss upon loss:
Yet 'tis true of your friend, as I tell you,
That she makes such Crown of her Cross.

"No longer the same," you are saying—
Ah, no—you look through my eyes;
You can see now the house is a temple
Whose spire is lost in the skies.

ALONE.

ALONE in the room!
Oh, darkest mystery,
Earth's bitter history,
Reads like a doom.

Alone in the room!
Missing the loving grace,
Wanting the precious face
Lost in the gloom.

Alone in the room!
Drinking death's bitterness;
Cries of our sore distress
Piercing the tomb.

Alone in the room!
Oh, when will night be done?
Oh, Darling, Darling, come
Back to the room.

Alone in the room?
Oh, sweetest mystery!
Earth's *hidden* history,
Christ's in the room.

Alone in the room?
Cannot *His* perfect grace,
His tender pitying face,
Lighten the gloom?

Oh, *He's* in the room!
Death's bitter pang is past;
Victors we are at last,
Rending the tomb.

Alone nevermore!
Morning comes soon or late;
Oh, Darling, Darling, wait
Close by the shore.

PARTING.

WHAT shall I say to thee, sweetest,
kneeling beside thee in tears?
Knowing that here ends the measure of all thy
beautiful years;
Feeling the death-seal of silence, between us
henceforth from this day,
Which, of all lovingest things that my heart
for thee holds, shall I say?

Can I beg thee for dear words of parting, with
eager and passionate breath?
Or lament thy so instant transition from life to
this marble of death?
And if I named all thou art leaving, should it
be indeed matter of grief,
That thou leavest the sowing for reaping—the
seed for the full-ripened sheaf?

But what hast thou left, then, dear sleeper, of
all that the soul counteth worth;
Opening thine eyes upon Heaven, as they
closed on the gladness of earth?
Thou art gone from this flower-crowned bright-
ness, to God's glowing garden above;
Gone from our poor, anxious loving, to infinite
riches of love.

No shadow of death on thy pathway, no river
in struggle to cross;
No anguish or trial of parting, no moment to
picture a loss;
But in one happy instant, the angel who carries
the golden key,
Hath unlocked the wonderful portals, and open-
ed all Heaven to thee!

O mystic, unspeakable glory! I linger and
listen outside,
Though I catch but in echo the faintest, the
joy of the on-swelling tide;
But I know thou art there with the harpers, on
the banks of the crystal sea,
And knowing such things, beloved, I can say
but one thing to thee.

See, I place in thy hand these lilies, like those
that the angel brought
For the day of annunciation, and I have but
this one glad thought;
Pressing my kisses down on thy death-sweet
face, I say
From my heart of hearts, my darling, *I give*
thee joy this day!

SUNSET.

AT EIGHTY-SIX.

AFAR from thee, dear friend, to-day,
I dwell with loving thought
On all the story of thy life,
With joys and griefs inwrought.

I think of all the weary way
Thy pilgrim feet have trod—
Of "years gone down into the past,"
Whose record is with God.

Of all thy tender, patient trust,
Of all thy calm, sweet faith,
Which never asked for better oath
Than just His own "*He saith.*"

Which walked alike in light or dark,
While Jesus walked beside,
And took the joys God offered here,
Nor craved the joy denied.

So simply walking, with thy hand
Close clasped in His each day,
Most faithfully His covenant
He kept with thee alway.

In joy's bright day, He saved thee from
The tempter's subtle power;
In sorrow's night, He hid thee deep
Within His refuge-tower.

The many thorns thy feet have pressed,
His own had pressed before;
Thy sad temptations too He knew,
In many a conflict sore.

And oft, when these were overcome,
And Hope might sing again,
He brought thee to some mountain's height
O'erlooking all the plain;

Whence, glancing down, thou saw'st with joy
The fearful path escaped,
And glancing up, didst catch a glimpse
Of Eden's distant gate.

And so, through all the years thou'rt come,
Up to this peaceful shore,
Where "only waiting" thou dost stand,
Till Jesus go before.

Thy pilgrim staff is bent and old,
Thy sandals poor and worn,
Thy garments gray and travel-stained,
Thy red-cross banner torn.

Yet patient wait—thy pilgrim staff
A waving palm shall be;
Thy sandals gold, thy garments white,
Thy banner victory.

The bridgeless river just beyond,
The pilgrim way behind,
So rest in Beulah's pleasant land,
With glad, untroubled mind.

For far across the gloomy wave
Doth heavenly music ring;
And gleaming Eden-lights reveal
The City of our King.

And, as in evening's sunset-glow
An angel seems to stand,
And holding wide the pearly gate,
With glory floods the land:

So, in thy life's sweet sunset hour
I seem to see *thee* wait,
Touched with the glory streaming through
The softly-opened gate.

So rest thee here, dear pilgrim, till
The splendor brighter falls,
And thou shalt be at home within
The City's golden walls.

AT THE RIVER.

HERE, at the River, we meet then at last,
And the meeting is gladness and pain
For 'tis only this hour, here on the shore,
The next we are parted again.

But the sad, sad years are over, thank God,
And the parting cannot be long;
It is this that hushes my beating heart.
As the waves roll up so strong.

It is just the very old story, Paul,
Of Israel, after the sea—
These sorrowful years of our wandering,
That have chastened you and me.

Our promised land was almost in sight,
The journey was smooth and brief,
Yet we turned the way of the wilderness,
Though both hearts broke with their grief.

And now, we are linking that hour with this,
And all that has gone between
Is like a long, long loop that is made
In the winding of a stream.

What was, and what might be, were once so close,
That a step had joined them then;
But we each stood out, across the strait,
Till the wilderness began.

Ah, well, the time is long ago,
And the dear Lord cares for all;
Though bearing the scales to weigh His worlds,
He follows the sparrow's fall.

And so, though we walked in the wilderness,
An angel walked with us there;
Our raiment upon us waxed not old,
And a gift ever answered a prayer.

Ever into His sovereign, loving will,
Converged our crookedest lines,
And the pillar of cloud, and the pillar of fire,
Were equally guiding signs.

And though we journeyed so widely apart,
With either, by day or by night,
The Covenant Angel dwelt in them both,
And both led up to the light.

And this sad, sweet hour, here on the shore,
Is our Lord's last, precious gift;
But our hands unclasp, and the angel waits,
And the current is strong and swift.

And so I kiss you good-night, dear Paul,
Here, at the River, good-night.
The hours grow brief—we shall meet again,
In the morning's abiding light.

"AND THERE WAS LIGHT."

"LET in the morning," the dear voice besought,
When the last sad morning broke;
For with nigh in our hearts we had shut it out
Till his eyes beseeching spoke.

"God's beautiful morning, let it in—
Let in each blessed ray;
My soul cannot bear the darkness now,
So near to the endless day.

"Sweet glimpses I've had of the other shore,
That made earth's sunshine dim;
How heavy must be earth's darkness then—
Oh, let the morning in.

"'Tis God's fair herald to open the gates
Of the glad eternal day,
With its flaming torch flung out on high
To show my feet the way.

"And I love the flowers that softly breathe
Their voiceless praise to Him,
And all bright, blessed things that live—
Oh, let the morning in."

And the sun poured in his beautiful light,
And the flowers their burden rare,
And the careless birds went singing by
In the tender April air.

But lo! a light from no earthly orb,
Lay pure on the brow within,
And before the world's fair day had died,
God let His morning in.

Through the crystal gate of the jeweled court
Where the heavenly morning reigns,
From the Fountain of Light the golden flood
Burst o'er the glowing plains.

And over the Temple's flashing door,
In radiant lines of light,
Was the King's sweet pledge to His ransomed ones:
"There shall be no more night."

DE PROFUNDIS.

"OUT of the depths, O God, out of *what* depths,"
A mourner saith;
"Even out of the awful shadows
Of the mystery of death!

"Back from its dark and sternly-guarded gate,
I come alone,
And in the dust in utterest need and grief,
I make my moan.

"All life's sweet roses, rich in fragrant bloom,
Lie heaped around;
I heed them not; the only flower I loved,
In death is bound.

"Father, I cannot look into the face
Of thy glad morn;
O take from out my bleeding heart
This sharp, sharp thorn."

. . . . . .

"Into the depths, oh, child, into *what* depths,"
A sweet Voice saith,
"Even into more awful shadows than
The mystery of Death.

"Into such depths, for purest love of thee
I went alone;
Despised, condemned, forsaken, none were left
To heed *my* moan.

"All fragrance fills thy path—alas! in mine
No flower was found;
Thou hast one thorn—with plaited wreath of thorns
Thy Lord was crowned.

"For tenderest love of thee, my stricken child,
I bore the smart
And all that fearful agony that broke
My weary heart.

"And can it be, this dying love for thee
Was all in vain?
With murmur and reproach, wilt crucify
Thy Lord again?

"My child, my child, I thought thy Saviour had
That heart of thine.
Behold, I plead with thee—how can I give
thee up?
Art thou not mine?

"Is not my death for thee, sufficient pledge
That every pain,
And every loss I send thee, is to bring
Some greater gain?

"Oh, trust thy risen Lord, and now return
Unto thy rest;
Go, press life's fragrant flowers, thy Father's
gifts,
Unto thy breast.

"On some bright hill, in some revealing hour,
Of Heaven's glad morn,
Thy heart shall know the meaning deep and
sweet,
Of this one thorn."

. . . . . .

"Out of the depths, dear Lord, out of these depths,"
The mourner saith,
"I cry, Forgive, forgive, oh, lead me still
Even unto death.

'O Heavenly Pleader, give me close to clasp
Thy pierced right hand;
Oh, love me still, and still work out in me
What Thou hast planned.

"And though I grieve Thee oft, and many times
Most wayward be,
Thou knowest all things, dearest Lord, Thou knowest
I love but Thee.'

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

IN Rome's old Palace of the Quirinal,
Where popes are made, and from which popes have fled,
We walked and wondered, half one sunny day,
All shod in softest wool, lest careless step
Should mar the bright mosaics of the floor.

Pendant from height to base, rich tapestries
Made pictures on the walls, while mingled scenes
Of battle, martyr, Magdalen, and saint
In fresco, all the ceilings hid with art.
Each spreading hall and chamber showed in turn
Its wealth of gathered spoil, from sculptured frieze
To pavement tesselar; from costly gem
To inlaid cabinet, and tables brought
From caves of malachite, or wrought with skill
In workshop of the Florentine, or rich
With priceless stones antique, of varied hue,

While rarest flowering-forth of fair ideal
From sculptor's brain in marble or in bronze,
Decked all the place, each one a poor man's
wealth.

Thus viewing all, we questioned much of what
Christ's grand old Galilean Peter, who
For Romans holds the keys of heaven and hell,
Would once have thought or felt, to call himself
The lord of all this regal pomp, or find
Himself at ease within these storied walls.
We pictured *him*, upon that royal chair
They called a throne — then smiled at such
grotesque,
Incongruous fancy, linked with him who kept
His humble trade of fisherman intact,
And drew his fisher's net, at last, to shore
With priceless souls, its burden, for his Lord.

At last, 'mid all the splendor of the place,
One sweet white thought came like a snowy
dove,
And nestling, made that sunny day its own.
At last the Christ Himself had one small space
Within the royal home of His self-styled

Vicegerent. Looking upward where we stood,
Not great except in thought, nor finely wrought,
Yet filling all our hearts with beautiful intent,
One soft, fair fresco crowned the stately room.

Down from Judean hills, and far across
Arabia's desert sands, from Chebar's banks,
From temple-porch, from Bethel's prophet-
school,
And forth from Babylon's great palace-gate,
Captive or free, the grand procession came,
"The goodly fellowship" of Israel's seers,
Sweeping in triumph-march across the plain.
First he, the poet-prophet with his harp
Attuned to loftier praise and nobler psalm
Than e'er of old had lived and thrilled through
all
The choral music of the temple rites;
Then that rapt seraph-heart, which beat and
burned
Within Isaiah's bosom, flamed in joy
Into the heavenly face upturned to God,
Fast following on the steps of Judah's bard.
Next he whose sad lament o'er Zion's fall,

Once swept his page with mournful minor
chord,
Now wept for joy, at gladder prophecies
Fulfilled; while one, who wondrous visions
saw
Upon the river's banks in Chaldean lands,
Now seemed as lifted up himself, on that
Same chariot of fire-enfolded wheel
With flaming eyes, and wingéd cherubim,
He saw from out the whirlwind as it passed;
And He who told Belshazzar's doom, and saw
The mighty images of kingdoms yet
Unborn, fall crumbling at the touch of that
Great stone, from out the mountain cut, he too,
With all the gathering throng within the train
Took up one joyous song of raptured praise—
"To us a Child is born, a Son is given—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor—behold
Our Prince of Peace"—and as we gazed, we
seemed
Again to hear the hallelujah swell
As from orchestral harmonies, poured forth
In music palpitant—"Thou Wonderful!
Thou Counsellor! Thou mighty Prince of
Peace!

The King of kings, the Lord of lords!
Forever and forever Thou shalt reign!"
And listening thus, we looked again, and lo!
A little Child led all the wondrous host!

. . . . . .

Then went we forth into the shining day
From Rome's old palace of the Quirinal.
And still in memory's picture of that hour,
We see but Bethlehem's Child, and hear again
"The Hallelujah Chorus," where He leads
The whole grand saintly host of His redeemed!

REWARD.

ALL joyously down through the golden field
The reapers had come with a shout;
They had cheered each other with word and song,
As their sickles flashed in and out.

And tenderly now fell the day asleep,
As they heard the Master call
Through the starlit silence, "Enter ye in,
My reward is waiting for all."

The palace shone out on the happy night
With its windows all aflame,
Its radiant portals swinging wide,
With welcome for all who came.

With bannered sheaves, with the trumpet's voice,
With the marching of eager feet,
The train swept in through the golden gates,
And up to the royal seat.

But lo, far off in the harvest-field,
Weary and sad and so late,
With a single sheaf, there lingered one
Still striving to reach the gate.

He had caught the echo of that sweet call
That fell through the holy night;
He had seen the throng from the darkened field,
Sweep into the palace-light.

And a cry went up from his sorrowful soul,
"O Master, tarry for me;
Oh, shut not the gates whence the glory streams,
My weary heart breaketh for thee."

At last to the banqueting hall he came,
So ragged, and old, and worn,
His only treasure, the one bright sheaf,
On his poor, bent shoulders borne.

Then the face of the King was tender and grave,

As of one who was hiding a tear,
As he gently questioned, "What wouldest thou,
And what dost thou bring me here?"

Most eager and loving the answer that came—
"I had gone with the reapers at morn,
With longing to bring thee such glorious sheaves
As might even thy palace adorn.

"But scarcely one hour I wrought with the rest,
Ere I fell by the wayside alone;
With a fevered brow and a pain-racked frame
I lay till the morning was done.

"Sweet children passed with their sickles small—
They would reap for the King, they said—
I showed them whither the reapers had gone,
And blessed them as on they sped.

"But when in the noontide's sultry hour
The fever and pain were done,
The rust, alas, my sickle had spoiled,
And the strength of my youth was gone.

"Far off I could see the victorious ones
With the flash of their blades so keen;
But no words could reach them, and there alone,
I knew I could only glean.

"The few bright stalks they had left in their haste,
I gathered in weakness for thee;
And this poor, bare entrance within thy gates
Is all that is left for me."

Then the King rose up from his throned seat,
With a face most sweet to see;
"They also serve, who suffer," he said,
"Their reward is still with me.

"Thy sheaf may be small, but thy love was great—
I crown thee victor with this."
And lo, in the silence, bending, he pressed
On that brow his signet-kiss.

And the sorrowful gleaner stood a prince,
Transformed by that wondrous sign;
While a shout rang down through the palace hall,
"O *Love*, the guerdon is thine!"

WHY.

Two friends held converse glad, of life and
work,
Beside the way. One said, with tender smile,
And tone that sweet belied the caustic words,
"But if the world should frown, or worse, should
smile
At your poor songs, and throw at you in scorn
That saying of your poet best-beloved,
Your English-Tuscan singer, singing late
In Italy's fair Florence, toward the sea—
Those words about the swallows and the larks
All singing at the dawn—you know the place
I mean—'tis in your dear 'Aurora,' there."

Whereat the other, smiling too, thus made
Reply, uplifting eyes of sweetest calm:
"Ah, yes, I know the words by heart. Full oft

I've said them o'er: 'Alas, near all the birds
Will sing at dawn, and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark.'
She truly sung—though swallows are God's
birds,
And haply have some use, or cheer some
hearts.
For me, my songs came not at dawn, but came
In later hour to fill a vacant space
When, for awhile, the lark's bright morning
praise
Hath ceased, and nightingales have not begun
Their wondrous trills of luscious melody.

I soar not with the holy lark, I know,
Through Heaven's far blue, back-dropping
from the heights,
Divinest notes of song, but in the low
And quiet vales, where robins and the wrens
Soft music make, I sit and sing obscure,
Most softly and most gently for the few
Who care or need. I give to them such notes
As God gives *me*, and if, one day, some heart
Shall say to me, 'Your low song comforted,

Or helped, or made me better, such or such
A time, when sorrow's weight pressed hard
and cold,
Or dark discouragement o'ershadowed me,
Or some temptation lured me from the good,'
Why, then, God gives to me, enfolded there,
My whole ambition's height—to simply be
To fellow-pilgrims but the trembling chord
Wherewith He wakes the music of His songs
Of consolation, in their nights of need—
So winning, too, perhaps, the love-look from
His eyes, the noblest and most precious crown
His children wear."
"*His* love-look," murmured low
The first voice, then—"Ah, that were worth
all loss.
And that once gained, no song of nightingale
Or holy lark could higher reach. Sing, then,
Dear happy bird, all songs that fill your heart,
Content, indeed, if God's own voice take up
Your trembling notes, and sing them glad and
clear,
To burdened souls, or if, through Heaven's
bright clash

Of harmonies, His ear detect the far,
Faint thread of melody you weave for Him,
And hear that you have sung the part He set
You, as He meant."

MISCELLANEOUS.

EPITHALAMIUM.

OVER the cloud-wrapt mountains,
Over the river and plain,
From the city's heart, with its tremulous thrills
To a sunny nest on the western hills,
Greeting, and love, and acclaim.

For up in a lofty turret,
—The great watch-tower of Time—
The century-bell swings to and fro,
Striking the quarter soft and low,
With a ringing, silvery chime.

"Wedded and crowned," repeating:
"Crowned and wedded long;"
Ring out! ring out! O century-bell,
Thou hast never a happier tale to tell,
With thy hundred tongues of song

Ring for the years in their passage,
Ring for the day that has come,
When the waving harvest of loving deeds,
And of service given to Earth's great needs,
Lies gathered in heart and home.

Swift-winged Thought flies backward,
Over the years that are fled,
And, standing far down the aisle of Time,
She sees the completion of Love's sweet rhyme
In a vision of two who are wed.

Bending her ear to listen,
She catches—just begun—
The wondrous strain of Life's great Psalm,
As heart meets heart in holiest calm,
Forevermore made one.

Steadily down the pathway
She follows them year by year,
While the Winter's glory, the Summer's bliss,
The year's sweet Vesper and Spring's dream-kiss,
Glide on and disappear.

Forward through storm and sunshine,
Hasting and resting, they fare;
While the shadows sweep on, o'er the dial's plate,
Life's noon is past, and the hour grows late,
Or ever they are aware.

But Memory smiles at the treasure
Garnered within her grasp;
The golden grain from the tear-sown seed,
The bursting sheaf for the up-torn weed,
Bound with the King's own clasp.

Wrestlings and victories and losses,
Songs in the night-time of grief,
Glorious gifts from the vineyard's Lord,
Of children's voices and heart's accord,
And the peace that passeth belief.

Ring, then, O bell! from thy tower,
Our greeting of love and joy;
Our prayer for a blessing on these who stand
In Love's own royalty, sweet and grand,
A kingdom without alloy.

"Wedded and crowned," repeating,
So ring the years away,
Till another quarter-bell peals out,
With glad acclaim and triumph-shout,
The GOLDEN Wedding-Day

FLOWER-WALLS.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"DARLING little girly,
Won't she try to stand?"
Won't she, just one minute,
Let go mamma's hand?

"Just the tips of fingers then—
Now! now *stand* alone!"
Naught could tempt the fairy
Into feats unknown.

Out here in the garden,
('Twas the midst of June)—
Down we stood the baby
In this bed of bloom.

Right amid the flowers,
They as tall as she,
Stood the child delighted,
Clapped her hands in glee.

She thought, of course, the flowers
Were like mother's hand—
Strong to catch and hold her,
So she dared to stand.

Sense of sure protection
Like a body-guard,
Gave the flowers bright and tall,
Keeping watch and ward.

Ah, sweet little maiden,
Faith is *such* a power,
Though it only "make believe'
Hold thee by a flower.

And I thought, like baby,
We of older years
Often lean on flowery walls,
Letting go our fears.

Fears that sometimes blind us
To our noblest powers,
Till God gently sets us down
In some bed of flowers.

MY PICTURE

FROM the mountains, melt the mists,
Darkness veils the valleys deep,
Where the waveless waters wind,
Hushed in sleep.

Far upon the holy heights,
Whence the melting mists have rolled
Throws the radiant King of Light,
Crowns of gold.

On the lowly, shadowed shore,
Old and quaint, yet queenly proud,
Stands a temple in the midst
Of mist and cloud.

Shadows shroud its lonely base,
Darkness dims the folded door,—
But a raised, upreaching hand
Finds "Heaven's blue floor."

. . . . . .

Ah! how like to life the scene,—
Mountains high and valleys deep,
Where proud we march, or sadly move,
And smile and weep.

Yet when lowliest here we walk,
Glad we find our temple-door—
To its *Maker*, there within,
Praise we pour.

Past its portal, shrouded, dim,
Flows the River, peaceful, pure,
Whose sweet waters every ill and
Woe can cure.

Like to life the mountain too,
Mist and cloud, around its base,
On its top is shining still
The Father's face.

So my picture talks to me,
Teaching lessons pure and sweet,
Guiding upward to the Throne,
My wayward feet.

IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WE WILL SET UP OUR BANNERS.

LIFT up on the mountains, O host of the Lord,
With voice of the trumpet's acclaim,
Lift up on the mountains our banners of light,
And girded with strength, march on to the fight
In our Leader's victorious name.

Bear on to the front our banner of Praise,
In imperial purple arrayed;
For "glory to God in the highest" shall ring,
As the army's grand choral to Jesus our King,
Till all nations His own shall be made.

And Faith's banner, pure white, unfurl to the breeze,
For she marches beside us at night;
She leads through the desert our faltering feet,
And sings in the darkness, her litanies sweet,
Of deliverance, triumph, and sight.

Then lift up the radiant banner of Hope,
In her symbol-color of blue;
For clasping Faith's hand, Hope smiles like the light,
And with beautiful prophecies follows the night,
Like sunrise after the dew.

And Love in its passionate crimson, the Love
That is greater than Hope or than Faith;
The glory and crown of the army below,
The holiest strain that all Heaven can know,
The grace that *abideth* in death.

Then lift up the heart, move onward with song,
Our victory now draweth nigh;
Though the enemy's legions come in like a flood,
Our "munitions of rocks" for ages have stood,
And God's standards are floating on high.

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, HELD IN BALTIMORE, MAY 9, 1872.

THE whole wide world for Jesus!
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
Be this our battle-cry,
The lifted cross our oriflamme,
A sign to conquer by!

The whole wide world for Jesus!
From out the Golden Gate,
Through all Pacific's sunny isles
To China's princely state;
From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina
And Afric's desert gloom;

The whole wide world for Jesus,
  Through all its fragrant zones!
Ring out again the watchword
  In loftiest, gladdest tones.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
  We'll wing the song with prayer
And link the prayer with labor,
  Till Christ his crown shall wear.

ONLY FOR ONE.

THOUGHTS, thoughts, thoughts,
Like the restless waves of the sea,
Wild as the storm, and sad as my song
"O Love, come back to me!"

Away through the angry tempest,
Out from the rest of home,
Following, following evermore,
Wherever my Love doth roam.

For the gray old year is dying
In the night and storm and gloom,
And I sit alone, without my Love,
In this dim, forsaken room,

Where strange sounds break the silence
In the pauses of the storm,
And the fire burns low, and the shadows grow,
And only my heart is warm.

For this same old year is dying,
To that other, where'er he may be—
This crowning year of the years of life,
That gave my Love to me.

But hark! I hear awaking,
An infant year in its glee—
I will sing it a song that will make it smile
And give back my Love to me.

New year,
Sweet year,
Glad little child,
Heaven-gained
Unstained,
Earth's undefiled.

New year,
Regal year,
Mounting to thy throne,
Here I kneel,
To thee appeal—
Send my wand'rer home.

New year,
Happy year,
Listen to my plea,
And ere the day
Groweth gray
Bring my Love to me.

Oh, the year in majesty smileth,
Like stars shining down on the sea!
Oh, the child-monarch showeth me kingliest grace,
He bringeth my Love to me!

MAYING.

HERE'S a little song, my darling,
Written all for thee,
Just because a happy mem'ry
Comes to-day to me;

Just because a soft, sweet picture
Floats before my eyes,
Which I fain would paint for thee, love,
For to-day's surprise;

Just because a living poem
Rings within my ears,
Which I fain would set to music
Perfect as our years.

This, my picture and my poem,
As in missal old,
Writ in rare and secret letters,
Dashed with brush of gold,

Here it glows and speaks before thee,
Listen now, and see
If the glad translation answers
To the text for thee:

Once two lovers went a-Maying,
On a golden day;
All the future's rosy brightness
Lit the sunny way.

Bird and tree and lake and mountain
Offered incense up;
Fair May-blossoms shook their perfume
From each trembling cup.

Down the rocks the silvery water
Murmurously fell,
As it held at heart some secret,
Happy tale to tell.

And these lovers, with their loving,
Glorified each thing—
Each took on some wondrous color,
Painted on the wing.

Oh, such vows, such looks, such kisses!
Every bird that flew,
Straightway to his mate repeated
Every word he knew.

All the flowers smiled and nodded—
They knew what it meant;
With *their* lover's ardent glances
Warmly on them bent.

E'en the monarchs of the forest
Stirred from winter's dream,
When a little golden circlet
Somehow flashed between,

Slipping to its place, was sealed there
By a lover's kiss!
E'en the very lake broke, dimpling,
Into mirth at this.

Came the lovers home from Maying—
That was years ago;
Tell me, sweetest lover living,
Went'st thou Maying *so?*

Oh, that time of dear remembrance!
Oh, rare-tinted day!
Sweetheart, come, we'll go a-Maying,
Like that other May!

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